

Spirit Caller

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dangerous insect media

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Hello to a Memory

Everybody
weeps
for somebody
dead.

I got a few tears
for you.
So,
hurry up.

- Bill Gainer



The Names of Things

the names of things are important
I am sure of it

once in a while I try to will a name
onto things I see

every

object

people

I can cast a name onto you with a look
you might not realize it
or you may or you may and not get it quite right
and smile anyway

for all the wrong reasons

I have noticed most people think I get what they
are saying
or think they get what I am saying

I never say a thing
I am sure of it.

- Jason Quiggle

Word. [Read in a slow snooty Ben Stein-like voice.]

Ladies and gentlemen, this poem needs no introduction,
Which is to say, it goes without saying, it speaks for itself.

It may be said that whereas the sound one is about to hear is in the ear of its audience, ergo
The significance of the words I am about to say is in the mind of the listener, to be sure.
As a matter of fact, many a word has been written on the written word (without fail), inasmuch as has
been spoken on the spoken, in a manner of speaking.
Nevertheless, suffice it to say that the weight of my words may be parsed solely vis-à-vis their gravity.
Don't let anyone tell you different, irregardless.

For things become obvious once you see them for what they are, as it were,
Unless, as a matter of course, they turn out not to be what they seem. Am I right or am I right?
In any event, it is not without precedent that future events come to pass,
To say nothing of this moment's presence at this point in time.
Which is not to suggest throwing the rest under the proverbial bus; after all,
Everything has its place in the grand scheme of things,
Once you factor all the variables into the equation:
“*And by X, I mean Y (read: Z), a & b notwithstanding.*” You know what I saying?
I should certainly hope that to be the case; this isn't rocket surgery.
It is what it is, if nothing *else* - and this is a big if -
Way beyond the scope of this poem, such as it is.

I personally know from bad poetic discourse, if I may say so myself.
Far be it from me to presume otherwise, with all due respect.
To tell you the truth, you should read what I *didn't* write!

At the end of the day, if you take anything away from what I've shared here,
Please put it back where you found it (no questions asked).

- Keith “Gandhi Jones” Haubrich

Selections from “Newman's Own” (part one)



- Eva Steil



- Eva Stei



- Eva Steil



- Eva Stei

Gifts from the Far Side of the Moon

I'll take the wild dreams
the ones that send you
out
into the daylight
looking for witnesses...

- **Bill Gainer**

SUPERMARKET APOCALYPSE

A two-headed calf
and with saucers he comes,
sneaking behind you in the check-out aisle.

The eyes of the cover-girls are all his eyes,
searching for weakness; but suddenly turn,
it's just a harmless magazine rack.

Let not your children wander the supermarket,
for with arms that sear and a lap of incense,
The Murdoch is hungry.

When did it come? The old ones say, "the 'tween times":
after the nameless Mother in caves of compassion,
before the unspeakable Name of Red Sea justice;
'twas then that The Murdoch came,
with a corporation of demigods.

The Murdoch, with Our Ford
and his protocols of the assembly-lie;

The Murdoch, with Dee Dubya Griffith
and his Birth of an Abomination;

The Murdoch, with Tail Gunner Joe
and his not-so-brief case of booze;

The Murdoch, with All Crap
and his Gulag-Patch in the newspaper;

The Murdoch, with Charlton Hissy-Fit
and his whine, "my right to own a gun";

The Murdoch, with Rush Limp-Wrist
and his "gimme tax-cuts, gimme fun";

The Murdoch, with Governor Muscle-Head
and his movie: Attila, the Overdone;

The Murdoch, with con-grease-man Foley,
playing with his catheter;
(sing it, people!): "con-grease-man Foley,
playing with his catheter";
(one more time!): "con-grease-man Foley,
playing with his catheter";

The Murdoch, with Rev Sun & Moon
and his mass marriages;

The Murdoch, with Pat Robber-Man
and his 666-club;

The Murdoch, with switch-god Wilkinson
and his mantra of Jabez;

The Murdoch, with data-demon Poindex-Turd
and his document shredder;

The Murdoch, with the big Gipper
and his fake healings of the handicapped;

The Murdoch, with the little Gipper
and his banner proclaiming:
"Mission Accomplished."

Do not take up the tent of The Murdoch,

Do not give up your sons and daughters to The Murdoch,

Do not play the harlot after The Murdoch,

The Murdoch whose blood is running money.

- Robert Meyer

Corporeal Dis_association

When I die
Bury me
deep. Give me
to maggots. Feed me
to worms—

Let roots of trees
burst
from my bloated
abdomen.
Let men forget that I
Was here. Let me
Be clear.

Bury me deep
When I die.
Let me dream
The forgetful dream
That comes to clean
The souls
of rabid men.

Let me lie
with nothing

But the loneliness
of earth. Forget
Those petty monuments
The naive erect
to remember
Those of lesser worth.
I want none of that.
Give me a December
birth.

Bury me deep
When I die.
Let me lie

in the honeysuckle
Peace of our modernism.
Baptize me
with bones
Of the dead.

Do not saint me
Or consecrate me.
Let me wash in
Stygian pools.

Don't give me a coffin
Don't prepare
Or preserve me.

Let me know rot..

Death need not
Abduct me.
This one goes willingly.

Dis_assemble me.
Take my limbs.
Dis_associate me
from history.
Dis_tract me,
from what I've done.
Dis_regard me,
in death.

Let my pomegranate
heart grow
In its ethereal dis_belief.
Please. Show me this relief.

- Jordan Marx

Gas & Gaia

We are always ready to die
Always going toward death
Like a fart seeking release

Our lives are just gas
Expiring from a bloated corpse
And we are all just placenta

Anywho, wandering around
the uterus of the universe
Pitching screenplays

To the big Kahuna
Who sits there in
Hawaiian T-Shirt

Looking unimpressed
And the rejection
Kills us. Always does

We always die in the end
No two ways about it
But make it a good death

Write a poem
To commemorate it
No one will read it or hear it

After all it will stink
But it will stink
Like a fart

Being released
From a dead corpse
And the living

Will have to smell it
What could be better
revenge than that?

- Andy Hall

Selections from “Newman's Own” (part two)



- Eva Steil



- Eva Steil



- Eva Steil



- Eva Steil

Decades of Crusades

I've checked the mailbox
everyday, with the same disappointment.
Rummaged through dollar sales,
followed some dusty trails,
in search of elusive enjoyment.

I've lit a few torches
to redress our grievances.
As I studied philosophy,
religion got lost on me
while I looked for my credences.

I've stolen some wisdom
from too many narcotics.
Eaten my fill of shame,
beaten my fragile brain,
becoming so god-damn sardonic.

I've scattered dead ashes
and created disaster.
Breeding more sleepless nights,
feeding more hopeless plights,
while I try to decipher life's laughter.

I've intentionally
 lost
 my sense of timing,
to see what would find me
when my fingers were crossed.

- Karl Schneider

Shave and Keep Moving Forward

The mud circled the fire
again.

The apes, unperturbed, continued their games
of
kill
and
steal.

Freedom is but a word spoken
void of meaning or substance.

Muster the best life you can
despite all neglect.

Make with the morbid humor
even as the shackles tighten.

Loose your last movement for spite
as they aim for your temple
so they may comprehend
the nasty business they conduct.

- Stark R.M.

Humor as a Tool of Justice

They brought us into the courtroom from a back hallway
like rock stars entering the auditorium from backstage;
six of us, all orange jumpsuits and shackles,
chained together in pairs of three. We took our turns
addressing the court from a plexiglass box. I immediately
took to doing my best to brew up a fart for the audience,
as if to say, “this is what I think of your justice system: it stinks!”
I required nearly twenty minutes to make something happen,
and just as the jailers were dragging us out of the courtroom
I let one rip. It was rather quiet, but potent. As the door to the
courtroom slammed shut behind us, I could hear one of the next half
dozen suspects shouting “What the fuck?!”
One of my shackled companions asked, “Was that you?
Did you fart in there?” “Oh, yes.” I nodded smiling.
“I’m glad you held it ‘til the end,” he said.
We laughed
all the way back to the holding cell and then some.

- Marvin Scott Marvin

Selections from “Newman's Own” (part three)



- Eva Steil



- Eva Steil



- Eva Steil



- Eva Steil

The Inside of Things

People are not just
black or white.
If you've ever
peeled one
you'd know.

- Bill Gainer

Killer Idea

I ran into the crowded room with a gun
fired
one shot into the ceiling
put the barrel to my temple
shouted
"Everybody stay where you are,
if anybody moves, I'll shoot myself!"

one man stood up
and
stepped toward me

"Are you trying to kill me?"
I asked

he stepped closer
and
I shot him dead

"You all saw that,"
I shouted
"it was in self-defense.
He was attempting to kill me."

the jury of my peers appears to agree

there are so many more
ideas to murder
we might never get around to
real people.

- Marvin Scott Marvin

No Apologies (Needed)

"FRANKY IS A DOUCHE BAG",

proclaims the pharmacy door.

Truth is always subject to perception.

The Legion neither hears nor feels,

sorry.

Thirst for blood and vomit,

hunger for knuckle sammich,

frost the cake with pain.

TV, radio, and news rags are full of it,

but is free advice worth the price?

If you can suss out your path

you can alter it.

Tell off the Norms,

cut your own threads,

suit yourself.

- Stark R.M.

Contributors and Collaborators

About Bill Gainer:

Bill Gainer contributes to the literary scene as a writer, editor, promoter, publicist and poet. He reads and works with a wide range of poets and writers, from the emerging to the nationally known. He has won the San Francisco Beat Museum's Poetry Contest and the Sacramento News and Review's Flash Fiction Contest. He continues to edit for the Pen Award winning R. L. Crow Publications. His latest book is *The Fine Art of Poisoning*. Visit him at billgainer.com.

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About Jason Quiggle:

Jason Quiggle was born somewhere in New York, during the blizzard of '76. He has lived in many places including California, Germany, Texas and Nevada. He spent most of his life in Las Vegas, Nevada where he did a lot of drugs and wrote things. Sometimes he participated in other artistic endeavors including the noise-art band Nature Boy infamous for its spirited, anarchic performances. Jason is best known for his poems, particularly his performances of them, which are known for their intensity, sincerity, vulnerability and shockingly vivid imagery both obscene and beautiful. Throwing down complex messages and bare it all confessions like gauntlets, contradicting and coalescing until they burst. Some folks have put things Jason has written into their publications. The city of Las Vegas etched his words in the cement of a public works project along with other notable Vegas writers. Jason now lives in Seattle, Washington although sometimes he still goes back to Vegas to shake things up a bit. He still writes and sometimes, he performs.

*** *** ***

About Keith "Gandhi Jones" Haubrich:

Keith J. Haubrich, AKA Gandhi Jones, has been writing and performing poetry since the early 1990s, mainly in Las Vegas and Seattle, and also abroad. In 2004, along with fellow Vegasers Andy C. Hall & Kari O'Connor as part of the Sin City Poetry Circus, he toured poetry readings and slams throughout the NW & SW U.S., plus Vancouver, B.C. A seven-time slam winner, Gandhi Jones also self-published 3 chapbooks (*Nelson Mandela Is Free... All Others Pay \$5*, *The Myth of Adulthood*,

and Mad Haiku Disease), and more recently a vegetarian cookbook titled What Would Gandhi Eat? A renaissance man of 1000 faces, he also models, drums, DJs, raises cats, hosts rooftop potlucks, travels, creates costumed characters and wins Freestyle Moustache championships all over the world.

*** *** ***

About Eva Steil:

Grandiosity.

*** *** ***

About Robert Meyer:

Robert is a spleeny lutheran, computer programmer, published poet, and many time published poet. We would tell you more about him, but he didn't submit a bio in time for the publication deadline. This does not do him justice, but we have to move forward.

*** *** ***

About Jordan Marx:

It is wonderful to be given the opportunity to have my poetry beside such fine artists and poets as make it into Spirit Caller Magazine. As for myself, I am from Eugene, Oregon, am thirty one years old, and have enjoyed poetry all my life. The important things that make me who I am can be found in my poetry, so I will stick to the other less important trivia. I hold two degrees, a BS in Political Science, and a Masters in Business Administration. The latter of which is an achievement for me as I earned it while being married, working full time, and going to night school. Not an easy task! By day, I appraise property for ad valorem taxation. A fancy way of saying I am the guy that helps come up with the home value on your property tax statement each year. Doing all of this and keeping what little sanity I have left requires a great deal of seeing the beauty and sadness in every day life and expressing it through my poetry. I smoke cigars. Once religious, I now find my spirit is fed better by a premium hand rolled cigar, then by praying to any monument created by mortal man. Cigar smoking and writing also go hand in hand. I highly recommend it.

*** *** ***

About Andy Hall:

My boobs are not very large, but other than that, I have interior tattoos. If you poke my head, mango lemonade comes out. If you were to run into me on the street, do not, I repeat, do not give me a tuna milkshake. Namaste.

*** *** ***

About Karl Schneider:

Karl is a resident of the rusty and dusty Cleveland, Ohio. Co-Founder of the Lorain Writers Society, Karl is forever a student of physics, philosophy and life in general. He has a penchant for free-verse and gets his kicks by roughing the lines of stricter forms.

*** *** ***

About Stark R.M.:

Stark is a working man. He is far too busy to answer your questions. He has no interest in making this personal.

*** *** ***

About Marvin Scott Marvin:

Marvin is a work in progress. A genuine human being made in America from imported materials.. A self-made mind of borrowed ideas. Word addict.

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About Spirit Caller Magazine:

Spirit Caller Magazine is published by Dangerous Insect Media, and edited by Marvin Scott Marvin. Future issues will be released from time to time, depending on the quality of submitted works and the motivation of the editor.

We welcome your submissions for future issues. Keep in mind that your work doesn't necessarily have to be anything like the contents of any previous issue, but the editor does have a strong appreciation for expressions of raw, honest interpretations of this thing we call reality. We seek to publish the paradoxically all-at-once brutal and beautiful. We seek to explore all aspects of human existence. We seek not to depress or

shock you with this material, but to demonstrate that you are not alone in your pain and frustration. We seek to shine a light in the darkness and show that there are many paths to better places. We seek material that is both politically informed and spiritually aware. We want your most brutal honesty. Of course, we also enjoy humorous works and lighter fare.

Wanted: Poetry, Prose, Photography, Art, and whatever we haven't thought of yet.

Send three to five (or whatever number resonates with your particular brand of obsession/compulsion) poems, pages, or images to spirit.caller.3@facebook.com

There are no restrictions on content. No forbidden subject matter (as long as it is legal for you to send it and us to receive it), we don't believe in "bad words." No restrictions on length, send us your otherwise unpublishable epic. If we like it, we like it.

Notification of acceptance generally within two weeks of receipt. Rarely comments on rejected material.

Pays: satisfaction of validation, publication credit, and bragging rights. The magazine is distributed as a free pdf (epub and mobi formats may be available upon request), so you will be receive unlimited copies! Woo-hoo!

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